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THE
P L E A S U R E S
O F
M E M O R Y,
A P O E M,
IN TWO PARTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"AN ODE TO SUPERSTITION, WITH SOME OTHER POEMS."

Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus : hoc est
Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui. MART.

L O N D O N :

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THE

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THE
P L E A S U R E S
O F
M E M O R Y.

PART I.

Dolce fentier, _____
Colle, che mi piaceffi, _____
Ov' ancor per ufanza Amor mi mena;
Ben riconofco in voi l'ufate forme,
Non, laffo, in me.

PETRARCH.

870481

A N A L Y S I S

OF THE

F I R S T P A R T.

THE Poem begins with the description of an obscure village, and of the pleasing melancholy which it excites on being revisited after a long absence. This mixed sensation is an effect of the Memory. From an effect we naturally ascend to the cause; and the subject proposed is then unfolded with an investigation of the nature and leading principles of this faculty.

It is evident that there is a continued succession of ideas in the mind, and that they introduce each other with a certain degree of regularity. Their complexion depends greatly on the different perceptions of pleasure and pain which we receive through the medium of sense; and, in return, they have a considerable influence on the animal economy.

They are sometimes excited by sensible objects, and sometimes by an internal operation of the mind. Of the former species is most probably the memory of brutes; and its many sources of pleasure to them, as well as to ourselves, are considered in the first part. The latter is the most perfect degree of memory, and forms the subject of the second.

When ideas have any relation whatever, they are attractive of each other in the mind ; and the conception of any object naturally leads to the idea of another which was connected with it either in time or place, or which can be compared or contrasted with it. Hence arises our attachment to inanimate objects ; hence also, in some degree, the love of our country, and the emotion with which we contemplate the celebrated scenes of antiquity. Hence a picture directs our thoughts to the original : and, as cold and darkness suggest forcibly the ideas of heat and light ; he, who feels the infirmities of age, dwells most on whatever reminds him of the vigour and vivacity of his youth.

The associating principle, as here employed, is no less conducive to virtue than to happiness ; and, as such, it frequently discovers itself in the most tumultuous scenes of life. It addresses our finer feelings, and gives exercise to every mild and generous propensity.

Not confined to man, it extends through all animated nature ; and its effects are peculiarly striking in the domestic tribes.

THE
P L E A S U R E S
O F
M E M O R Y.

P A R T I.

TWILIGHT's soft dews steal o'er the village-green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
Hush'd is the hum that thro' the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peafants flock'd to hear the minstrel play, 5
And games and carols clos'd the busy day.

B

Her

Her wheel at rest, the matron charms no more

With treasur'd tales of legendary lore.

All, all are fled ; nor mirth nor music flows,

To chafe the dreams of innocent repose.

10

All, all are fled ; yet still I linger here !

What penfive sweets this silent spot endear ?

Mark yon old Mansion, frowning thro' the trees,

Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.

That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest shade,

15

First to these eyes the light of heav'n convey'd.

The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,

Once the calm scene of many a simple sport ;

When nature pleas'd, for life itself was new,

And the heart promis'd what the fancy drew.

20

See,

See, thro' the fractur'd pediment reveal'd,
 Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptur'd shield,
 The martin's old, hereditary nest,
 Long may the ruin spare its hallow'd guest !

As jars the hinge, what fullen echoes call ! 25
 Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall !
 That hall, where once, in antiquated state,
 The chair of justice held the grave debate.

Now stain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
 Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung ; 30
 When round yon ample board, in due degree,
 We sweeten'd every meal with social glee.
 The heart's light laughter crown'd the circling jest ;
 And all was sunshine in each little breast.

'Twas here we chas'd the slipper by its sound ; 35

And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.

'Twas here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring ;

And Fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing.

Giants and genii chain'd the wondering ear ;

And orphan-woes drew Nature's ready tear. 40

Oft with the babes we wander'd in the wood,

Or view'd the forest-feats of Robin Hood :

Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,

With startling step we scal'd the lonely tow'r ;

O'er infant innocence to hang and weep, 45

Murder'd by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.

Ye Household Deities ! whose guardian eye ¹

Mark'd each pure thought, ere register'd on high ;

Still

Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,
 And breathe the soul of Inspiration round. 50

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
 Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
 The storied arras, source of fond delight,
 With old achievement charms the wilder'd fight ;
 And still, with Heraldry's rich hues imprest, 55
 On the dim window glows the pictur'd crest.
 The screen unfolds its many-colour'd chart.
 The clock still points its moral to the heart.
 That faithful monitor 'twas heav'n to hear !
 When soft it spoke a promis'd pleasure near : 60
 And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
 Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of Time ?

That

That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
 Whence the caged linnet footh'd my pensive thought;
 Those muskets cas'd with venerable rust; 65
 Those once-lov'd forms, still breathing thro' their dust,
 Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,
 Starting to life—all whisper of the past!

As thro' the garden's desert paths I rove,
 What fond illusions swarm in every grove! 70
 How oft, when purple evening ting'd the west,
 We watch'd the emmet to her grainy nest;
 Welcom'd the wild-bee home on wearied wing,
 Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring!
 How oft inscrib'd, with Friendship's votive rhyme, 75
 The bark now silver'd by the touch of Time;

Soar'd in the fwing, half pleas'd and half afraid,
 Thro' sifter elms that wav'd their summer shade ;
 Or strew'd with crumbs yon root-inwoven feat,
 To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat !

80

Childhood's lov'd group revivits every scene,
 The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green !
 Indulgent MEMORY wakes, and, lo ! they live !
 Cloth'd with far softer hues than Light can give.

Thou last best friend that Heav'n affigns below,
 To sooth and sweeten all the cares we know ;

85

Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
 When nature fades, and life forgets to charm ;

Thee would the Muse invoke !—to thee belong
 The sage's precept, and the poet's song.

90

What

What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals,
 When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals !
 As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
 Long on the wave reflected lustres play ;
 Thy temper'd gleams of happiness resign'd 95
 Glance on the darken'd mirror of the mind.

The School's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
 Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
 Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
 Quick'ning my truant-feet across the lawn ; 100
 Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
 When the flow dial gave a pause to care.
 Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
 Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here !

And

And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems 105
 With golden visions, and romantic dreams !

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blaz'd
 The Gipfy's faggot—there we stood and gaz'd ;
 Gaz'd on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
 Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw ; 110
 Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er ;
 The drowfy brood that on her back she bore ;
 Imps, in the barn, with mousing owlet bred,
 From rifled roost at nightly revel fed ;
 Whose dark eyes flash'd thro' locks of blackest shade, 115
 When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd :
 And heroes fled the Sybil's mutter'd call,
 Whose elfin prowess scal'd the orchard-wall.

As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
 And traced the line of life with searching view, 120
 How throb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
 To learn the colour of my future years !

Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast !
 This truth once known—To bless is to be blest !
 We led the bending beggar on his way ; 125
 (Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray)
 Sooth'd the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
 And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
 As in his scrip we dropp'd our little store,
 And wept aloud to think it was no more ; 130
 He breath'd his prayer, " Long may such goodness live !"
 'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.

Hark,

But hark ! thro' those old firs, with fullen fwell,
 The church-clock strikes ! ye tender scenes, farewell !
 It calls me hence, beneath their shade, to trace 135
 The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.

On yon gray stone, that fronts the chancel-door,
 Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more ;
 Each eve we shot the marble thro' the ring,
 When the heart danc'd, and life was in its spring ; 140
 Alas ! unconscious of the kindred earth,
 That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

The glow-worm loves her emerald light to shed,
 Where now the sexton rests his hoary head.

Oft, as he turn'd the greenfward with his fpade, 145
 He lectur'd every youth that round him play'd ;
 And, calmly pointing where his fathers lay,
 Rous'd him to rival each, the hero of his day.

Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush ! while here alone
 I search the records of each mouldering stone. 150
 Guides of my life ! Instructors of my youth !
 Who first unveil'd the hallow'd form of Truth ;
 Whose every word enlighten'd and endear'd ;
 In age belov'd, in poverty rever'd ;
 In Friendship's filent register ye live, 155
 Nor ask the vain memorial Art can give.

But when the fons of peace and pleasure sleep,
 When only Sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep ;

What

What spells entrance my visionary mind,
With sighs so sweet, with raptures so refin'd? 160

Ethereal Power! whose smile, at noon of night,
Recalls the far-fled spirit of delight,
Infills that musing melancholy mood,
Which charms the wise, and elevates the good ;
Blest MEMORY, hail ! Oh, grant my grateful verse 165
To sing thy triumphs, and thy gifts rehearse ;
Pierce the dark clouds that round thy empire roll,
And trace its airy precincts in the soul.

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain. 170
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise !
Each stamps its image as the other flies !

Each,

Each, as the varied avenues of sense
 Delight or sorrow to the foul dispense,
 Brightens or fades ; yet all, with magic art,

175

Control the latent fibres of the heart.

As studious Prospero's mysterious spell

Conven'd the subject-spirits to his cell ;

Each, at thy call, advances or retires,

As judgment dictates, or the scene inspires.

180

Each thrills the seat of sense, that sacred source,

Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course,

And thro' the frame invisibly convey

The subtle, quick vibrations as they play.

Survey the globe, each ruder realm explore ;

From Reason's faintest ray to Newton soar.

What different spheres to human bliss assign'd !

What flow gradations in the scale of mind !

Yet mark in each these mystic wonders wrought ;

Oh mark the sleepless energies of thought ! 190

Th' adventurous boy, that asks his little share,

And hies from home, with many a gossip's prayer,

Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see

The dear abode of peace and privacy ;

And as he turns, the thatch among the trees, 195

The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,

The village-common spotted white with sheep,

The churchyard yews round which his fathers sleep ;

All rouse Reflection's sadly pleasing train,

And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.

So,

So, when the daring fons of Science drew²
 The mild TUPIA's firm yet fond adieu
 To all his foul best lov'd, such tears he shed,
 While each soft scene of summer beauty fled :
 Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast, 205
 Long watch'd the streaming signal from the mast ;
 Till twilight's dewy tints deceiv'd his eye,
 And fairy forests fring'd the evening sky.

So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawn'd the day,³
 Rose on her couch, and gaz'd her soul away. 210
 Her eyes had blest the beacon's glimmering height,
 That faintly tipt the feathery surge with light ;
 But now the morn with orient hues pourtray'd
 Each castled cliff, and brown monastic shade :

All touch'd the talisman's refistless spring, 215

And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing!

As kindred objects kindred thoughts excite *,

These, with magnetic virtue, soon unite.

And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,

Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth. 220

Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the Patriot's fight;

This makes him wish to live, and "dare to die."

For this FOSCARI, whose relentless fate *

Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,

When exile wore his blooming years away, 225

To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,

When reason, justice, vainly urg'd his cause;

For this he rous'd her sanguinary laws;

Glad to return, tho' Hope could grant no more,
 And chains and torture hail'd him to the shore. 230

And hence the charm historic scenes impart :
 Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
 Aërial forms, in 'Tempe's classic vale,
 Glance thro' the gloom, and whisper in the gale ;
 In wild Vaucuse with love and LAURA dwell, 235
 And watch and weep in ELOISA's cell *.
 'Twas ever thus. As now at VIRGIL's tomb',
 We bless the shade, and bid the verdure bloom :
 So TULLY paus'd, amid the wrecks of Time *,
 On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime ; 240
 When at his feet, in honour'd dust disclos'd,
 Th' immortal Sage of Syracuse repos'd.

And

And as his youth in sweet delusion hung,
 Where once a PLATO taught, a PINDAR fung;
 Who now but meets him musing, when he roves 245
 His ruin'd Tusculan's romantic groves?
 In Rome's great forum, who but hears him roll
 His moral thunders o'er the subject-foul?

And hence that calm delight the portrait gives :
 We gaze on every feature till it lives ! 250
 Still the fond lover views the absent maid ;
 And the lost friend still lingers in his shade !
 Say why the penfive widow loves to weep °,
 When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep :
 Tremblingly still, she lifts his veil to trace 255
 The father's features in his infant face.

The hoary grandfire smiles the hour away,
 Won by the charm of Innocence at play ;
 He bends to catch each artless burst of joy,
 Forgets his age, and acts again the boy. 260

What tho' the iron school of War erase
 Each milder virtue, and each softer grace ;
 What tho' the fiend's torpedo-touch arrest
 Each gentler, finer impulse of the breast ;
 Still shall this active principle preside, 265
 And wake the tear to Pity's self denied.

The intrepid Swift, that guards a foreign shore,
 Condemn'd to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,
 If chance he hear that song so sweetly wild¹⁰,
 His heart would spring to hear it, when a child ; 270

That

That song, as simple as the joys he knew,
 When in the shepherd-dance he blithely flew;
 Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,
 And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.

Ask not if courts or camps dissolve the charm; 275
 Say why VESPASIAN lov'd his Sabine farm¹¹;
 Why great NAVARRE, when France and freedom bled¹²,
 Sought the lone limits of a forest-shed.
 When DIOCLETIAN's self-corrected mind¹³
 Th' imperial fates of a world resign'd, 280
 Say why we trace the labours of his spade,
 In calm Salona's philosophic shade.
 Say, when ambitious CHARLES renounc'd a throne¹⁴,
 To muse with monks unletter'd and unknown,

What

What from his soul the parting tribute drew ? 285

What claim'd the sorrows of a last adieu ?

The still retreats that footh'd his tranquil breast,

Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares opprefs'd.

Undamp'd by time the generous Instinct glows,

Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows ; 290

Glow in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest,

On every form of varied life imprest.

The social tribes its choicest influence hail :—

And when the drum beats briskly in the gale,

The war-worn courser charges at the sound, 295

And with young vigour wheels the pasture round.

Of has the aged tenant of the vale

Lean'd on his staff to lengthen out the tale ;

Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breath'd,
 From fire to fon with pious zeal bequeath'd. 300

When o'er the blasted heath the day declin'd,
 And on the scath'd oak warr'd the winter wind ;

When not a distant taper's twinkling ray
 Gleam'd o'er the furze to light him on his way ;

When not a sheep-bell footh'd his listening ear, 305

And the big rain-drops told the tempest near ;

Then did his horse the homeward track descry¹³,

The track that shunn'd his sad enquiring eye ;

And win each wavering purpose to relent,

With warmth so mild, so gently violent, 310

That his charm'd hand the careless rein resign'd,

And doubts and terrors vanish'd from his mind.

Recal the traveller, whose alter'd form
 Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm ;

And

And who will first his fond impatience meet ? 315

His faithful dog's already at his feet !

Yes, tho' the porter spurn him from his door,

Tho' all, that knew him, know his face no more,

His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,

With that mute eloquence which passes speech. 320

And see, the master but returns to die !

Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly ?

The blasts of heav'n, the drenching dews of earth,

The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth ;

These, when to guard Misfortune's sacred grave, 325

Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove

The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love ?

Say, thro' the clouds what compass points her flight ?

Monarchs have gaz'd, and nations blest the sight. 330

Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rife,
 Eclipse her native shades, her native skies;—
 'Tis vain ! thro' Ether's pathless wilds she goes,
 And lights at last where all her cares repose.

Sweet bird ! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest ¹⁶, 335
 And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.
 When with the silent energy of grief,
 With looks that ask'd, yet dar'd not hope relief,
 Want, with her babes, round generous Valour clung,
 To wring the slow surrender from his tongue, 340
 'Twas thine to animate her closing eye ;
 Alas ! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,
 Crush'd by her meagre hand, when welcom'd from the sky.

Hark ! the bee winds her small but mellow horn ¹⁷,
 Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn. 345

O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
 And many a stream allures her to its source.
 'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye so finely wrought,
 Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
 Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind ; 350
 Its orb so full, its vision so confin'd !
 Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell ?
 Who bids her foul with conscious triumph swell ?
 With conscious truth, retrace the mazy clue
 Of varied scents, that charm'd her as she flew ? 355
 Hail MEMORY, hail ! thy universal reign
 Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE
P L E A S U R E S
O F
M E M O R Y.

PART II.

—Degli anni e de l'oblio nemica,
Delle cose custode, e dispensiera.

TASSO.

A N A L Y S I S

OF THE

SECOND PART.

THE Memory has hitherto acted only in subservience to the senses ; and so far man is not eminently distinguished from other animals : but, with respect to man, she has a higher province ; and is often busily employed, when excited by no external cause whatever. She preserves, for his use, the treasures of art and science, history and philosophy. She colours all the prospects of life : for ‘ we can only anticipate the future, by concluding what is possible from what is past.’

On her agency depends every effusion of the Fancy, whose boldest effort can only compound or transpose, augment or diminish the materials she has collected and retained.

When the first emotions of despair have subsided, and sorrow has softened into melancholy, she amuses with a retrospect of innocent pleasures, and inspires that noble confidence which results from the consciousness of having acted well.

When

When sleep has suspended the organs of sense from their office, she not only supplies the mind with images, but assists in their combination. And even in madness itself, when the soul is resigned over to the tyranny of a distempered imagination, she revives past perceptions, and awakens that train of thought which was formerly most familiar.

Nor are we pleased only with a review of the brighter passages of life; events, the most distressing in their immediate consequences, are often cherished in remembrance with a degree of enthusiasm.

But the world and its occupations give a mechanical impulse to the passions, which is not very favourable to the indulgence of this feeling. It is in a calm and well-regulated mind that the Memory is most perfect; and solitude is her best sphere of action.

With this sentiment is introduced a Tale, illustrative of her influence in solitude, sickness, and sorrow. And the subject having now been considered, so far as it relates to man and the animal world, the Poem concludes with a conjecture, that superior beings are blest with a nobler exercise of this faculty.

THE
P L E A S U R E S
O F
M E M O R Y.

P A R T II.

SWEET MEMORY, wafted by thy gentle gale,

Oft up the tide of Time I turn my fail,

To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,

Bleft with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Ages and climes remote to Thee impart

5

What charms in Genius, and refines in Art;

Thee,

Thee, in whose hand the keys of Science dwell,
 The pensive portrefs of her holy cell ;
 Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp
 Oblivion steals upon her vestal-lamp.

10

The friends of Reason, and the guides of Youth,
 Whose language breath'd the eloquence of Truth ;
 Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught
 The great in conduct, and the pure in thought ;
 These still exist, by Thee to Fame consign'd,
 Still speak and act, the models of mankind.

15

From Thee sweet Hope her airy colouring draws ;
 And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.
 From Thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows,
 Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows.

20

When Joy's bright fun has fled his evening-ray,
 And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play ;
 When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
 Still thro' the storm thy star serenely glows :
 Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night
 With the mild magic of reflected light. 25

The beauteous maid, that bids the world adieu,
 Oft of that world will snatch a fond review ;
 Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace
 Some social scene, some dear familiar face ; 30
 Forgot, when first a father's stern controul
 Chas'd the gay visions of her opening soul :
 And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper-bell
 Bursts thro' the cypress-walk, the convent-cell,

Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive, 35
 To love and joy still tremblingly alive ;
 The whisper'd vow, the chaste cares prolong,
 Weave the light dance, and swell the choral song ;
 With rapt ear drink th' enchanting serenade ;
 And, as it melts along the moonlight glade, 40
 To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
 And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

But not till Time has calm'd the ruffled breast,
 Are these fond dreams of happiness confest.
 Not till the rushing winds forget to rave, 45
 Is heav'n's sweet smile reflected on the wave.

From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,
 And catch the founts that sadden every gale.

Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there ;
 Mark the fixt gaze, the wild and frenzied glare, 50
 The racks of thought, and freezings of despair !
 But pause not then—beyond the western wave,
 Go, view the captive barter'd as a slave !
 Crush'd till his high heroic spirit bleeds,
 And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes. 55

Yet here, ev'n here, with pleasures long resign'd,
 Lo ! MEMORY bursts the twilight of the mind :
 Her dear delusions sooth his sinking soul,
 When the rude scourge presumes its base controul ;
 And o'er Futurity's blank page diffuse 60
 The full reflection of their vivid hues.
 'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more,
 Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore ;

Beneath his plantain's ancient shade, renew
The simple transports that with freedom flew ; 65
Catch the cool breeze that musky Evening blows,
And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows ;
The oral tale of elder time rehearse,
And chant the rude traditionary verse ;
With those, the lov'd companions of his youth, 70
When life was luxury, and friendship truth.

Ah ! why should Virtue dread the frowns of Fate ?
Hers what no wealth can win, no power create !
A little world of clear and cloudless day,
Nor wreck'd by storms, nor moulder'd by decay ; 75
A world, with MEMORY's ceaseless fun-shine blest,
The home of Happiness, an honest breast.
But

But most we mark the wonders of her reign,
When Sleep has lock'd the senses in her chain.
When sober Judgment has her throne resign'd, 80
She smiles away the chaos of the mind ;
And as warm Fancy's bright Elysium glows,
From Her each image springs, each colour flows.
She is the sacred guest ! th' immortal friend !
Often seen o'er sleeping Innocence to bend, 85
In that dead hour of night to Silence giv'n,
Whispering seraphic visions of her heav'n.

When the blithe son of Savoy, roving round
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,
From his green vale and shelter'd cabin hies, 90
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies ;

Tho'

Tho' far below the forked lightnings play,
 And at his feet the thunder dies away ;
 Oft, in the faddle rudely rock'd to sleep,
 While his mule browzes on the dizzy steep, 95
 With MEMORY's aid, he sits at home, and fees
 His children sport beneath their native trees,
 And bends, to hear their cherub-voices call,
 O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her smile with gloomy Madnefs dwell ? 100
 Say, can she chafe the horrors of his cell ?
 Each fiery flight on Frenzy's wing restrain,
 And mould the coinage of the fever'd brain ?
 Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,
 There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies ! 105

He

He whose arresting hand sublimely wrought
 Each bold conception in the sphere of thought ;
 Who from the quarried mass, like PHIDIAS, drew
 Forms ever fair, creations ever new !

But, as he fondly snatch'd the wreath of Fame, 110
 The spectre Poverty unnerv'd his frame.

Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore ;
 And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.

Yet still how sweet the foothings of his art ¹⁸ !
 From the cold stone what bright ideas start ! 115

Ev'n now he claims the amaranthine wreath,
 With scenes that glow, with images that breathe !
 And whence these scenes, these images, declare.

Whence but from Her who triumphs o'er despair ?

Awake,

Awake, arise ! with grateful fervour fraught, 120
 Go, spring the mine of elevated thought.
 He who, thro' Nature's various walk, surveys
 The good and fair her faultless line portrays ;
 Whose mind, prophan'd by no unhallow'd guest,
 Culls from the crowd the purest and the best ; 125
 May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,
 Or, musing, mount where Science fits sublime,
 Or wake the spirit of departed Time.
 Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral muse,
 A blooming Eden in his life reviews ! 130
 So richly cultur'd every native grace,
 Its scanty limits he forgets to trace :
 But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
 Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh !

The weary waste, that lengthen'd as he ran, 135
 Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span !

Ah who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
 By truth illumin'd, and by taste refin'd ?
 When Age has quench'd the eye and clos'd the ear,
 Still nerv'd for action in her native sphere, 140
 Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue
 Some long-lov'd image vanish'd from her view ;
 Dart thro' the deep recesses of the past,
 O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast ;
 With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night, 145
 And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.

So thro' the grove th' impatient mother flies,
 Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries ;

Till the light leaves the truant-boy disclose,
Long on the wood-moss stretch'd in sweet repose. 150

Nor yet to pleasing objects are confin'd
The silent feasts of the reflective mind.
Danger and death a dread delight inspire ;
And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire,
When, richly bronz'd by many a summer sun, 155
He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were done.

Go, with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile;
And ask the shatter'd hero, whence his smile ?
Go, view the splendid domes of Greenwich, go ;
And own what raptures from Reflection flow. 160

Hail,

Hail, noblest structures imag'd in the wave !

A nation's grateful tribute to the brave.

Hail, blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail !

That oft arrest the wondering stranger's sail.

Long have ye heard the narratives of age, 165

The battle's havoc, and the tempest's rage ;

Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray

Gild the calm close of Valour's various day.

Time's sombrous touches soon correct the piece,

Mellow each tint, and bid each discord cease : 170

A softer tone of light pervades the whole,

And breathes a pensive languor o'er the soul.

Haft thou thro' Eden's wild-wood vales pursued ?

Each mountain-scene, magnificently rude ;

To mark the sweet simplicity of life, 175
 Far from the din of Folly's idle strife :
 Nor, with Attention's lifted eye, rever'd
 That modest stone which pious PEMBROKE rear'd ;
 Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
 The silent sorrows of a parting hour ; 180
 Still to the pausing pilgrim points the place,
 Her fainted spirit most delights to trace ?

Thus, with the manly glow of honest pride²⁰,
 O'er his dead son old ORMOND nobly sigh'd.
 Thus, thro' the gloom of SHENSTONE's fairy grove, 185
 MARIA's urn still breathes the voice of love.

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
 Awes not so deeply in its morning hour,

As when the shades of Time serenely fall
 On every broken arch and ivied wall; 190
 The tender images we love to trace,
 Steal from each year 'a melancholy grace !'
 And as the sparks of social love expand,
 As the heart opens in a foreign land ;
 And with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile, 195
 The stranger greets each native of his isle ;
 So scenes of life, when present and confessed,
 Stamp but their bolder features on the breast ;
 Yet not an image, when remotely view'd,
 However trivial, and however rude, 200
 But wins the heart, and wakes the social sigh,
 With every claim of close affinity !

But these pure joys the world can never know ;

In gentler climes their silver currents flow. 205

Oft at the silent shadowy close of day,

When the hush'd grove has sung its parting lay ;

When penfive Twilight, in her dusky car,

Slowly ascends to meet the evening-star ;

Above, below, ærial murmurs swell ²¹, 210

From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell !

A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light,

Stealing soft music on the ear of night.

So oft the finer movements of the soul,

That shun the sphere of Pleasure's gay controul, 215

In the still shades of calm Seclusion rise,

And breathe their sweet seraphic harmonies !

Once,

Once, and domestic annals tell the time,
 (Preserv'd in Cumbria's rude romantic clime)
 When Nature smil'd, and o'er the landscape threw
 Her richest fragrance, and her brightest hue, 220
 A blithe and blooming Forester explor'd
 Those nobler scenes SALVATOR's soul ador'd ;
 The rocky pafs half hung with shaggy wood,
 And the cleft oak flung boldly o'er the flood ;
 Eager to bid the mountain-echoes wake, 225
 And shoot the wild-fowl of the silver lake.

High on exulting wing the heath-cock rose,
 And blew his shrill blast o'er perennial snows ;
 When the rapt youth, recoiling from the roar,
 Gaz'd on the tumbling tide of dread Lodoar ; 230
 And

And thro' the rifted cliffs, that scal'd the sky,
 Derwent's clear mirror charm'd his dazzled eye ²³.
 Each ofier isle, inverted on the wave,
 Thro' morn's gray mift its melting colours gave;
 And, o'er the cygnet's haunt, the mantling grove
 235
 Its emerald arch with wild luxuriance wove.

Light as the breeze that brush'd the orient dew,
 From rock to rock the young adventurer flew;
 And day's last sunshine slept along the shore,
 When, lo! an ambush'd path the smile of welcome wore. 240
 Imbowering shrubs with verdure veil'd the sky,
 And on the musk-rose shed a deeper dye;
 Save when a mild and momentary gleam
 Glanc'd from the white foam of some shelter'd stream.

O'er the still lake the bell of evening toll'd, 245
 And on the moor the shepherd penn'd his fold ;
 And on the green hill's side the meteor play'd,
 When, hark ! a voice sung sweetly thro' the shade.
 It ceas'd—yet still in FLORIO's fancy sung,
 Still on each note his captive spirit hung ; 250
 Till o'er the mead a cool sequester'd grot
 From its rich roof a sparry lustre shot.
 A crystal water cross'd the pebbled floor,
 And on the front these simple lines it bore :

Hence away, nor dare intrude ! 255

In this secret shadowy cell

Musing MEMORY loves to dwell,

With her sister Solitude.

Far from the busy world she flies,
To taste that peace the world denies. 260
Entranc'd she sits ; from youth to age,
Reviewing Life's eventful page ;
And noting, ere they fade away,
The little lines of yesterday.

FLORIO had gain'd a rude and rocky feat, 265
When lo, the Genius of this still retreat !
Fair was her form—but who can hope to trace
The pensive softness of her angel-face ?
Can VIRGIL's verse, can RAPHAEL's touch impart
Those finer features of the feeling heart, 270
Those tend'rer tints that shun the careless eye,
And in the world's contagious circle die ?

She left the cave, nor mark'd the stranger there ;
 Her pastoral beauty, and her artless air,
 Had breath'd a soft enchantment o'er his soul ! 275
 In every nerve he felt her blest controul !
 What pure and white-wing'd agents of the sky,
 Who rule the springs of sacred sympathy,
 Inform congenial spirits when they meet ?
 Sweet is their office, as their nature sweet ! 280

FLORIO, with fearful joy, pursued the maid,
 Till thro' a vista's moonlight-checquer'd shade,
 Where the bat circled, and the rooks repos'd,
 (Their wars suspended, and their counsels clos'd)
 An antique mansion burst in awful state, 285
 A rich vine clustering round its Gothic gate.

Nor paus'd he here. The master of the scene
 Mark'd his light step imprint the dewy green ;
 And, flow-advancing, hail'd him as his guest,
 Won by the honest warmth his looks exprefs'd. 290
 He wore the rustic manners of a 'Squire ;
 Age had not quench'd one spark of manly fire ;
 But giant Gout had bound him in her chain,
 And his heart panted for the chase in vain.

Yet here Remembrance, sweetly-foothing power ! 295
 Wing'd with delight Confinement's lingering hour.
 The fox's brush still emulous to wear,
 He scour'd the county in his elbow-chair ;
 And, with view-halloo, rous'd the dreaming hound,
 That rung, by starts, his deep-ton'd music round. 300

Long by the paddock's humble pale confin'd,
 His aged hunters cours'd the viewless wind :
 And each, with glowing energy pourtray'd,
 The far-fam'd triumphs of the field display'd ;
 Ufurp'd the canvas of the crowded hall, 305
 And chas'd a line of heroes from the wall.
 There flept the horn each jocund echo knew,
 And many a smile, and many a story drew !
 High o'er the hearth his forest-trophies hung,
 And their fantastic branches wildly flung. 310
 How would he dwell on each vast antler there !
 This dash'd the wave, that fann'd the mountain-air :
 Each, as it frown'd, unwritten records bore,
 Of gallant feats and festivals of yore.

But

But why the tale prolong?—His only child, 315
 His darling JULIA on the stranger smil'd.
 Her little arts a fretful fire to please,
 Her gentle gaiety, and native ease,
 Had won his soul—but ah ! few days had pass'd,
 Ere his fond visions prov'd too sweet to last. 320

When evening ting'd the lake's ethereal blue,
 And her deep shades irregularly threw ;
 Their shifting sail dropp'd gently from the cove,
 Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove ²³ ;
 Whence erst the chanted hymn, the taper'd rite, 325
 Amus'd the fisher's solitary night ;
 And still the mitred window, richly wreath'd,
 A sacred calm thro' the brown foliage breath'd.

The wild deer, starting thro' the silent glade,
 With fearful gaze, their various course survey'd. 330
 High hung in air the hoary goat reclin'd,
 His streaming beard the sport of every wind ;
 And, as the coot her jet-wing lov'd to lave,
 Rock'd on the bosom of the sleepless wave ;
 The eagle rush'd from Skiddaw's purple crest, 335
 A cloud still brooding o'er her giant-nest.

And now the moon had dimm'd, with dewy ray,
 The few fine flushes of departing day ;
 O'er the wide water's deep serene she hung,
 And her broad lights on every mountain flung ; 340
 When lo ! a sudden blast the vessel blewst,
 And to the surge consign'd its little crew.

All, all escap'd—but ere the lover bore
 His faint and faded JULIA to the shore,
 Her sense had fled!—Exhausted by the storm, 345
 A fatal trance hung o'er her pallid form;
 Her closing eye a trembling lustre fir'd;
 'Twas life's last spark—it flutter'd and expir'd!

The father strew'd his white hairs in the wind,
 Call'd on his child—nor linger'd long behind : 350
 And FLORIO liv'd to see the willow wave,
 With many an evening whisper, o'er their grave.
 Yes, FLORIO liv'd—and still of each posselt,
 The father cherish'd, and the maid carefs'd !

For ever would the fond enthusiast rove, 355
 With JULIA's spirit, thro' the shadowy grove ;

Gaze with delight on every scene she plann'd,
 Kifs every flowret planted by her hand.
 Ah ! still he traced her steps along the glade,
 When hazy hues and glimmering lights betray'd 360
 Half-viewless forms ; still listen'd as the breeze
 Heav'd its deep sobs among the aged trees ;
 And at each pause her melting accents caught,
 In sweet delirium of romantic thought !
 Dear was the grot that shunn'd the blaze of day ; 365
 She gave its spars to shoot a trembling ray.
 The spring, that bubbled from its inmost cell,
 Murmur'd of JULIA's virtues as it fell ;
 And o'er the dripping moss, the fretted stone,
 In FLORIO's ear breath'd language not its own. 370
 Her charm around th' enchantress MEMORY threw,
 A charm that sooths the mind, and sweetens too !

But is Her magic only felt below ?

Say, thro' what brighter realms she bids it flow ;

To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere ²⁵, 375

She yields delight but faintly imag'd here :

All that till now their rapt researches knew,

Not call'd in flow succeſſion to review ;

But, as a landscape meets the eye of day,

At once preſented to their glad ſurvey ! 380

Each ſcene of bliſs reveal'd, ſince chaos fled,

And dawning light its dazzling glories ſpread ;

Each chain of wonders that ſublimely glow'd,

Since firſt Creation's choral anthem flow'd ;

Each ready flight, at Mercy's ſmile divine, 385

To diſtant worlds that undiscover'd ſhine,

Full on her tablet flings its living rays,
And all combin'd with blest effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal Friendship, foar ;
No more to part, to mingle tears no more ! 390
And, as the softening hand of Time endears
The joys and sorrows of our infant-years,
So there the soul, releas'd from human strife,
Smiles at the little cares and ills of life ;
Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its showers ; 395
As at a dream that charm'd her vacant hours !

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend,
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend ;
To hover round his evening-walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green ; 400

To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
 And heav'n and nature open'd to their view !
 Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and fees
 A smiling circle emulous to please ;
 There may these gentle guests delight to dwell, 405
 And blefs the scene they lov'd in life so well !

Oh thou ! with whom my heart was wont to share
 From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care ;
 With whom, alas ! I fondly hoped to know
 The humble walks of happiness below ; 410
 If thy blest nature now unites above
 An angel's pity with a brother's love,
 Still o'er my life preserve thy mild controul,
 Correct my views, and elevate my soul ;
 Grant me thy peace and purity of mind, 415
 Devout yet cheerful, active yet resign'd ;

Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
 Whose blameless wishes never aim'd to rise,
 To meet the changes Time and Chance present,
 With modest dignity and calm content. 420
 When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
 Thy meek submission to thy God express'd ;
 When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
 A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed ;
 What to thy soul its glad assurance gave, 425
 Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave ?
 The sweet Remembrance of unblemish'd youth,
 Th' inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth !

Hail, MEMORY, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine,
 From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine ! 230
 Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
 And Place and Time are subject to thy sway !

Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone ;
 The only pleasures we can call our own.
 Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die, 435
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;
 If but a beam of sober Reason play,
 Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away !
 But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour ? 440
 These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
 Pour round her path a stream of living light ;
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
 Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest !

THE END.

NOTES.

TO THE

FIRST PART.

NOTE I. Verse 47.

Ye Household Deities, &c.

THESE were imagined to be the departed souls of virtuous men, who, as a reward of the good deeds they had performed in the present life, were appointed after death to the pleasing office of superintending the concerns of their respective descendants.

MELMOTH's Rem. on Cato, p. 287.

NOTE II. Verse 201.

So, when the daring sons of science, &c.

He wept; but the effort that he made to conceal his tears, concurred, with them, to do him honour: he went to the mast-head, &c.

HAWKESWORTH's Voyages, ii. 181.

Another very affecting instance of local attachment is related of his fellow-countryman Potaveri, who came to Europe with M. de Bougainville.

See LES JARDINS, chant. ii.

NOTE III. Verse 209.

So Scotia's Queen, &c.

Elle se leve sur son liêt, & se mit à contempler la France encôr, tant qu'elle peut.

BRANTÔME, tom. ii. p. 119.

NOTE IV. Verse 217.

*As kindred objects kindred thoughts excite,
These, with magnetic virtue, soon unite.*

To an accidental association may be ascribed some of the noblest efforts of human genius. The Historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire first conceived his design among the ruins of the Capitol; and to the tones of a Welsh harp are we indebted for the Bard of Gray. GIBBON'S Hist. xii. 432. Memoirs of Gray, sect. iv. let. 25.

NOTE V. Verse 223.

For this FOSCARI, &c.

This young man was suspected of murder, and at Venice suspicion is good evidence. Neither the interest of the Doge his father, nor the intrepidity of conscious innocence which he exhibited in the dungeon and on the rack, could procure his acquittal. He was banished to the island of Candia for life.

But here his resolution failed him. At such a distance from home he could not live; and as it was a criminal offence to solicit the intercession of any foreign prince, in a fit of despair he addressed a letter to the Duke of Milan, and intrusted it to a wretch whose perfidy, he knew, would occasion his being remanded a prisoner to Venice.

See Dr. MOORE'S View of Society in Italy, vol. i. let. 14.

NOTE VI. Verse 236.

And watch and weep in ELOISA'S cell.

The Paraclete, founded by Abelard, in Champagne.

NOTE VII. Verſe 237.

'Twas ever thus. As now at VIRGIL's tomb—

Vows and pilgrimages are not peculiar to the religious enthuſiaſt. Silius Italicus performed annual ceremonies on the mountain of Poſilippo; and it was there that Boccaccio, *quafi da un divino eſtro inſpirato*, reſolved to dedicate his life to the muſes.

NOTE VIII. Verſe 239.

So TULLY pauſ'd amid the wrecks of Time.

When Cicero was quæſtor in Sicily, he diſcovered the tomb of Archimedes by its mathematical inſcription. Tuſc. Quæſt. 5. 3.

NOTE IX. Verſe 253.

Say why the penſive widow loves to weep—

The influence of the aſſociating principle is finely exemplified in the faithful Penelope, when ſhe ſheds tears over the bow of Ulyſſes. Od. xxi. 55.

NOTE X. Verſe 269.

If chance he hear that ſong ſo ſweetly wild—

The celebrated Ranz des Vaches; cet air ſi chéri des Suiffes qu'il fut défendu ſous peine de mort de le jouer dans leurs troupes, parce qu'il faiſoit fondre en larmes, déſerter ou mourir ceux qui l'entendoient, tant il excitoit en eux l'ardent déſir de revoir leur pays.

ROUSSEAU, Dictionnaire de Muſique.

NOTE XI. Verse 276.

Say why VESPASIAN lov'd his Sabine farm.

This emperor, according to Suetonius, constantly passed the summer in a small villa near Reate, where he was born, and to which he would never add any embellishment; *ne quid scilicet oculorum consuetudini deperiret.* Suet. in Vit. Vesp. cap. ii.

A similar instance occurs in the life of the venerable Pertinax, as related by J. Capitolinus. Posteaquam in Liguriam venit, multis agris coemptis, tabernam paternam, *manente forma priore*, infinitis ædificiis circumdedit. Hist. August. 54.

An attachment of this nature is generally the characteristic of a benevolent mind; and a long acquaintance with the world cannot always extinguish it.

To a friend, says John Duke of Buckingham, I will expose my weaknesses: I am oftener missing a pretty gallery in the old house I pulled down, than pleased with a saloon which I built in its stead, though a thousand times better in all respects.—See his Letter to the D. of Sh.

This is the language of the heart; and will remind the reader of that good-humoured remark in one of Pope's letters—I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up, that I remembered ever since I was a child.

POPE's Works, viii. 151.

The elegant author of Telemachus has illustrated this subject, with equal fancy and feeling, in the story of Alibée, Persan. See Recueil de Fables, composées pour l'Education d'un Prince.

NOTE XII. Verse 277.

Why great NAVARRE, &c.

That amiable and accomplished monarch, Henry the Fourth of France, made an excursion from his camp, during the long siege of Laon, to dine at a house in the forest of Folambray ; where he had often been regaled, when a boy, with fruit, milk, and new cheese ; and in revisiting which he promised himself great pleasure.

Memoires de SULLY, tom. ii. p. 381.

NOTE XIII. Verse 279.

When DIOCLETIAN's self-corrected mind—

Diocletian retired into his native province, and there amused himself with building, planting, and gardening.

GIBBON, ii. 175.

NOTE XIV. Verse 283.

Say when ambitious CHARLES renounc'd a throne—

When the emperor Charles V. had executed his memorable resolution, and had set out for the monastery of St. Justus, he stopped a few days at Ghent, says his historian, to indulge that tender and pleasant melancholy, which arises in the mind of every man in the decline of life, on visiting the place of his nativity, and viewing the scenes and objects familiar to him in his early youth.

ROBERTSON's Hist. iv. 256.

NOTE XV. Verse 307.

Then did his horse, &c.

The memory of the horse forms the ground-work of a little pleasing

romance of the twelfth century, entitled "The Gray Palfrey." See the Tales of the Trouveurs, as collected by M. Le Grand.

Ariosto likewise introduces it in a passage full of truth and nature. When Bayardo meets Angelica in the forest,

———Va manfueto a la Donzella,

Ch' in Albracca il servìa già di sua mano.

ORLANDO FURIOSO, canto i. 75.

NOTE XVI. Verse 335.

Sweet bird ! thy truth shall HARLEM's walls attest.

During the siege of Harlem, when that city was reduced to the last extremity, and on the point of opening its gates to a base and barbarous enemy, a design was formed to relieve it; and the intelligence was conveyed to the citizens by a letter which was tied under the wing of a pigeon.

THUANUS, lib. lv. c. 5.

The same messenger was employed at the siege of Mutina, as we are informed by the elder Pliny.

Hist. Nat. x. 37.

NOTE XVII. Verse 344.

Hark ! the bee, &c.

This little animal, from the extreme convexity of her eye, cannot see many inches before her.

NOTES

N O T E S

TO THE

SECOND PART.

NOTE XVIII. Verse 114.

Yet still how sweet the soothing of his art!

The astronomer chalking his figures on the wall, in Hogarth's view of Bedlam, is an admirable exemplification of this idea.

See the RAKE'S PROGRESS, plate 8.

NOTE XIX. Verse 173.

Haft thou thro' Eden's wild-wood vales pursued, &c.

On the road-side, between Penrith and Appelby, stands a small pillar with this inscription:

"This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c. for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616: in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4l. to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone-table placed hard by. Laus Deo!"

The Eden is the principal river of Cumberland, and has its source in the wildest part of Westmoreland.

NOTE

NOTE XX. Verse 183.

*Thus, with the manly glow of honest pride,
O'er his dead son old ORMOND nobly sigb'd, &c.*

Ormond bore the loss with patience and dignity: though he ever retained a pleasing, however melancholy, sense of the signal merit of Offory. "I would not exchange my dead son," said he, "for any living son in Christendom."

HUME, vi. 340.

The same sentiment is inscribed on Miss Dolman's urn at the Leawothes.

Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!

NOTE XXI. Verse 210.

Above, below aerial murmurs swell.

At a distance were heard the murmurs of many waterfalls, not audible in the day-time.

GRAY, iv. 174.

NOTE XXII. Verse 232.

Derwent's clear mirror.

The Lake of Kewick in Cumberland.

NOTE XXIII. Verse 324.

Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove.

A small wooded island once dignified with a religious house.

NOTE XXIV. Verse 341.

When lo! a sudden blast the vessel blew.

In a lake, surrounded with mountains, the agitations are often violent and momentary. The winds blow in gusts and eddies; and the water no sooner swells, than it subsides.

See BOURN'S Hist. of Westmoreland.

NOTE XXV. Verse 375.

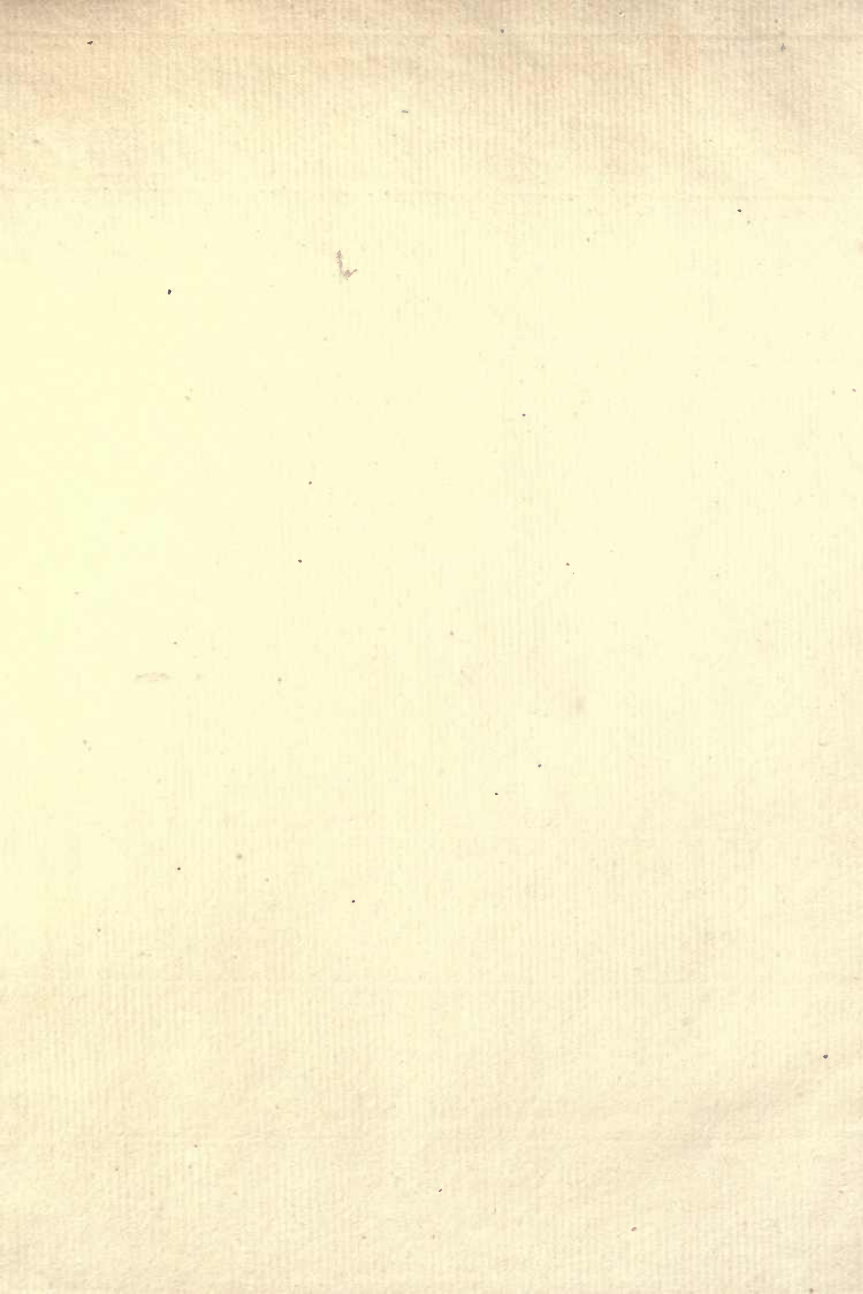
*To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere,
She yields delight but faintly imag'd here.*

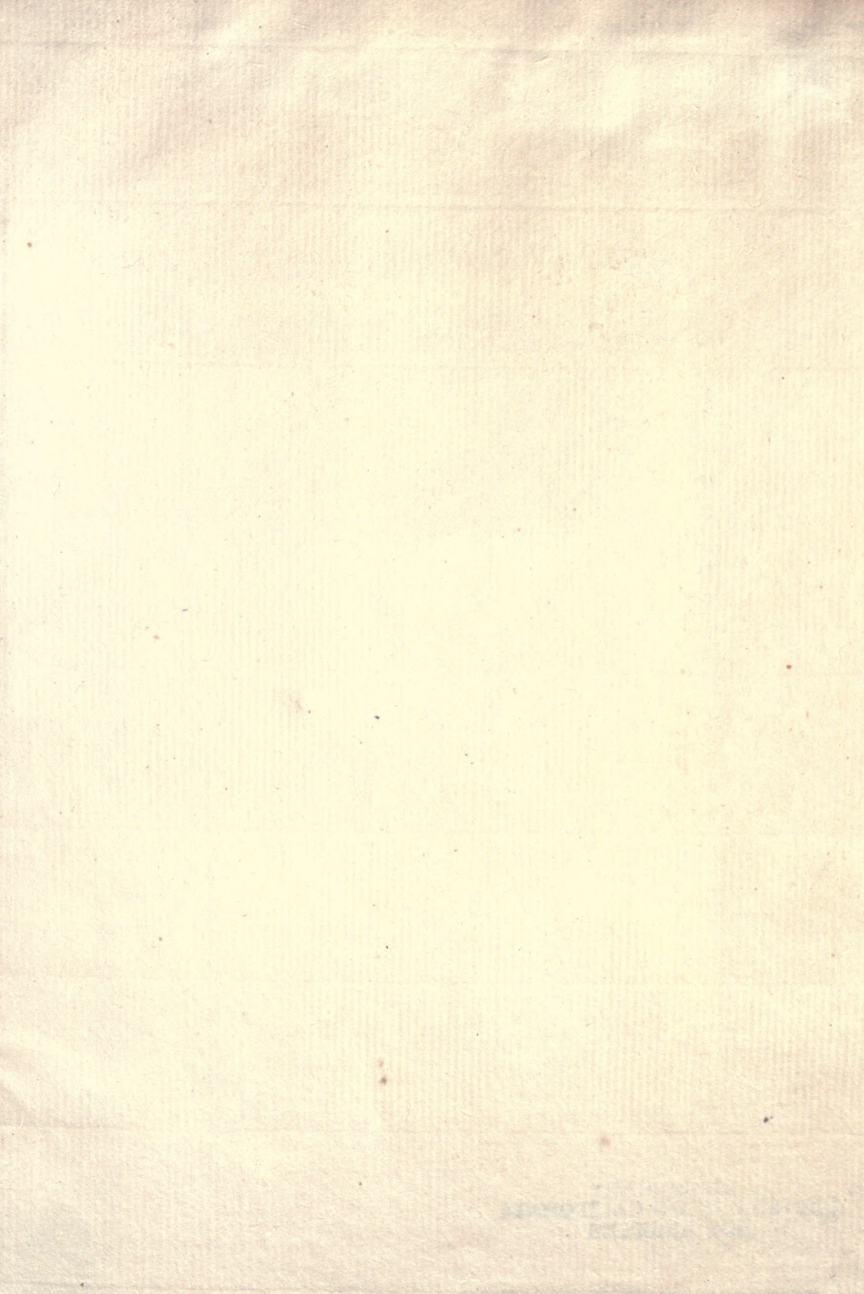
The several degrees of angels may probably have larger views, and some of them be endowed with capacities able to retain together, and constantly set before them, as in one picture, all their past knowledge at once. LOCKE on Human Understanding, book ii. chap. x. 9.

F I N I S.









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